

The Patient

As I sit here in my room, watching the people in white suits rush back and forth, it makes me wonder what separates us from them.

I was one of them wasn't I? Did I not have what they all have: a family, a job, a home, and a hectic schedule? What has delivered me to the other side? What separates me from them?



Those of us on this side are tucked away until one of them has time to tend to us. We wait hoping that one day we will return to our former selves: to be able to dress or to eat, to function without one of those white coats. What separates them from us?

Time keeps passing, yet I am still here. The white coats are looking more and more familiar. The days are becoming more and more routine. They say that they are helping me and that I am getting better. Yet here I wait still. What separates me from them?

Days pass into weeks, weeks into years and the white coats become a blur. There is no calendar with which to measure time yet the minutes and hours tick by, I know. I hear their stories of family and friends; of colleagues and all those they meet, the weddings and funerals and vacations too. What separates them from me?



They say that I am well now. That I can leave and have a normal life, yet I know I am not my former self. I have been separated from them.

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